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No. 126 Vol. III.

CITY

ONE PENNY
April 12, 1878.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 126.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LOCAL FABLES AND TRADITIONS.

[BY OUR OWN BOOKWORM.]

ONCE upon a time, ever so long ago, in the city of Manchester, there lived a gentleman of the name of Mosesberg, who was so modest and unassuming, that, although he was constantly doing good actions, he tried as hard as ever he could to keep them from the knowledge of the world. But it was all of no use, for so sure as he gave away half-a-dozen spectacles or a couple of barometers, or some other trifle from his large and well-selected stock, a paragraph was sure to appear in the newspapers, and the worthy man was distressed beyond measure at the publicity thus thrust upon him, more especially as it gave his envious detractors a pretext for saying that Mr. Mosesberg took care to communicate the paragraphs himself. But he was not altogether deprived of the sympathy of generous spirits by such sneers as these. Mr. Bendizzy, who was Prime Minister of England at that remote period, and who was well known as a thorough hater of anything like humbug, was so delighted with Mr. Mosesberg's self-denying liberality that he made him a present of a copy of his works, which were written with the express purpose of exposing all kinds of humbug. And besides this, he even got him presented at Court, and would have made him Prince of Blague but that the modest philanthropist declined the honour. And thereat his detractors were more annoyed than ever, and they made a great effort to ruin him by circulating a report that seventeen old women to whom he had given spectacles could not see a bit with them. But the good man promptly refuted these wicked slanders by the aid of the old women, who, though they acknowledged to not being able to see with spectacles, one and all declared that if they could have seen with any spectacles it would be with those of Mr. Mosesberg. And this triumph of virtue not only silenced his opponents, but got considerably noised abroad, and the Lord Chancellor was so pleased with Mr. Mosesberg's simple-minded generosity that he appointed him a Justice of the Peace, and got the Queen to make him Chief Optician to Her Majesty, a fact which was made known in 521 paragraphs in as many newspapers. And the tradition goes on to relate that the good man's enemies were so smitten with remorse for their bad conduct that they one and all came to him and begged on their knees that he would present them with microscopes out of his large and well-assorted stock, in order that they might enjoy the inestimable pleasure of seeing his remarkable virtue. This incident, though slight in itself, is worth preserving on account of the insight it gives us into the social concord which existed in those remote times.

Just about the same period there was a Bishop in Manchester who had the singular faculty of being able to talk on any subject without thinking very particularly about it, or its consequences. Now, for several months the Bishop had been, off and on, preaching sermons against a certain theory of evolution, which, it seems, accounted for the existence of man without actual creative interposition. But one day, when he went out to preach at a church in the suburbs where he had fulminated against the evolution theory some time before, he was astonished to perceive that there were only three old women and two babies in the church. "What does this mean?" said he to the clerk. "Where are the congregation?" "Oh," said the clerk, "they have all turned atheists and evolutionists, and don't come to church now." "Good gracious!" said the Bishop. "How is that?" "Didn't I tell them there was nothing in it when I was here last?" "Yes," replied the clerk; "they say that at that time they didn't know anything about the matter, but your sermon led them to enquire into it, and the consequence is that they've all gone in for the

religion of evolution, except the three old women who can't make out what it means, and have therefore decided to stop where they are." The Bishop said nothing, but looked thoughtful; and in his diary that night he recorded his conviction that the better part of a sermon was discretion, and that one congregation in church is worth a dozen in the evolutionary jungle.

Many centuries ago a member of the City Council, called Harwood, found his supper beer getting so bad that he entertained great fear of being poisoned, and he accordingly raised the question in the Council, expressing the belief that the beer sold in the city was composed of all sorts of deleterious ingredients. The matter was debated with great earnestness for some time without any practical conclusion being arrived at, until a wise old member of the Council, who had been quietly listening, got up and told Mr. Harwood that he ought not to expect treble X beer at fourpence a quart, and that he should drink Bass's or Burton's if he wanted good beer. The moral of this fable is obvious:—You should never buy swipes on a Friday or any other day.

There were once two gentlemen named King and Curtis—also members of the City Council—who thought they knew a great deal more than anybody else, and in their great wisdom they resolved to oppose a certain water scheme which the rest of the Council had determined to promote. But not only did they not succeed, but next time they came up for election as aldermen the Council wouldn't have them at any price. In fact the rush of water from Thirlmere was so great that it washed them clean out of Council Chamber. It is said that Curtis afterwards confessed to King that he thought they had behaved like two self-acting mules. The moral of this is too obvious to need explanation.

Long, long ago, in the good old times when promotion by merit was the order of the day, the Government, casting its eye round to look for virtue which deserved reward, found in Manchester a great man of the name of Croston, who had not, hitherto, received so much attention as his many virtues warranted, owing chiefly to the persistent detraction of an obscure set of people called Liberals, who were envious of his great genius. So the Government, which was always quick to recognise merit in those who supported it, forthwith made him a Justice of Peace for the city, which gave great delight to a comic paper called the *Courier*, which had for years taken Croston under its care, and nearly every Monday morning came out with a full report of his remarkable speeches. Now, having reached this pinnacle of local greatness, the good Croston naturally expected to long enjoy his blushing honours. But alas for the vanity of human wishes. He had not been long on the bench, when, in his desperate attempts to speak like other people, he eloked himself with a "capital H," which he was trying to pronounce. The moral of this is also obvious. Never begin to try and pronounce your "H's" if you have been unable to do so up to the period of middle age.

OUR PHILS.

PHIL stands for Philistine, and still
Better for filibuster;
So Russophil and Turcophil,
Arrayed with editorial skill
On the broad sheet and posting bill,
Swagger, and swear, and bluster,
While the sole gainers by their fuss,
Drunk with the blood of Turk and Russ,
The eagles scream "Hurrah for us,"
And round the Balkans muster.

NOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

HOW DO YOU TAKE YOUR WHISKY?

[BY A STUDENT OF MEN AND MANNERS.]

HOW do you take your whisky? Pertinent question, or perhaps readers will say impertinent question, as it seems to convey an insidious innendo that each and every one of them do take whisky in some form. I beg at once, in the most emphatic manner, to deny that unreasonable "asperation on my parts of speech," and to address only such as are in the habit of imbibing that delicious spirit.

Yes, delicious spirit! "Whisky, drink divine!" as the lyric says, how it runs "like iron through your blood" when taken, not as an enemy, to sap the earthworks of the constitution. But as an honest, health-breathing, mirth-promoting, love-inspiring friend, whose only vocation is to stimulate the energies of our early manhood, and to say to our cosy after-years—"with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

How many different ways the world has of drinking whisky is a problem unsolved, now and for ever, but few there are amongst us who have not from time to time noticed, even in their limited sphere of observation, the multifarious ideas of various whisky-drinkers as to the most pleasant manner of making their favourite beverage palatable.

See the octogenarian in his comfortable arm-chair, and with a steaming glass of whisky punch, mixed in his own exactly specified proportions, diffusing its delicious odour to his olfactory organs—what more happy picture of hearty and exuberant old age can possibly be drawn?

"Whisky, drink divine!" I have drunk it in many ways, and in many places. Half way up the crazy ascent of some huge Highland elevation in the fastness of North Britain, with the cooling draught of Nature gushing and gurgling from the heather at your feet, out comes the flask of Glenlivet, and, in the aboriginal fashion of the Gaelic guide at your side, you toss off the neat "sperrit" and follow it with a draught of the babbling, limped, sparkling, cold spring—then, oh then! where is the man, be he the most stern and resolute abstainer, who would not, for that moment, forget his uncharitable dogma, and bow at the shrine of whisky?

Stand at the bar of some noted house of call in one of our great thoroughfares from eight until nine o'clock on a Monday morning, and, during that hour, you will have learnt something and seen something about the various ways of drinking that great panacea Whisky! "Whisky hot!" a full-blown, fat, old stager will exclaim, as he dashes down his money—the only remnant, by-the-bye, of his last week's salary, economised for the express purpose of Monday morning's glass; "Irish and bitters," calmly utters a tall cadaverous-looking young man, who holds half a cigar between his thumb and forefinger. "What will you have, Joe?" This is said to a companion, who at once pronounces himself in favour of "Scotch, cold," and the two, having imbibed, give way to another couple, who again call for "two whiskies—one warm, without sugar." On being served, the one with the warm glass turns to his friend, in the manner of a philosopher instilling a lesson of wisdom, and says—"Tom, this is the way to take your whisky; you never taste whisky in cold water, you get too much of the taste when drinking it neat, and if you use sugar you neutralise the flavour; this is the only way to bring out the flavour of the spirit in its truly unadulterated form; and I must advise you always to take your whisky warm without." The other, by way of commenting upon his companion's axiom, requests the barman to bring a drop of warm water, and one lump of sugar. Holding the sugar over his glass, between his thumb and finger, he pours the water upon it, allowing the sugar to become gradually dissolved by the water, as it trickles into the glass, then, with a smile and a nod to his friend, he drinks off the compound, and puts the glass down with a sigh of satisfaction, as if he had just solved the problem of making life bearable. The next comer asks for a "whisky and soda;" and another carefully-dressed young man calls for a "small Scotch whisky with a little lime juice;" whilst a stout son of the Emerald Isle puts down his mite for a drop of "the cratur," and also "puts down" the drop without any admixture whatever.

"How would I take my whisky?" I once heard a Hibernian friend exclaim; "bedad I'd take it *anyhow*, it'll mix with anything, it mends everything, and it spoils nothing!" Who has not heard of the bold disciple of Father Matthew, who, at the bar of a whisky store, asked for a bottle of ginger beer, and desired the waiter to put in a "naggin" of whisky "unbeknown" to him whilst he turned his back to light his pipe! Who has not revelled with little Mr. Bonnoer, over Mr. Small's milk punch, at Brazenface College? Who has not enjoyed the exquisite manner in which

Father Tom made punch for the Pope, and the ever-memorable recipe that he gave his holiness for his future guidance:—"First put in the whisky, then put in the sugar, then the lemon, and after that, remember that every drop of water you put in spoils the punch!"

"Whisky, drink divine!" Whether it comes with the western breeze from the North Wall, or with the bracing northern blasts from the Grampians; whether it is a native of the lands of the Celt or the Gael; whether distinguished by the castellated alphabet of Gilbey, or the more modest label of LL; whether furnished by the distillations of Glenlivet, Lalig, Cairngorm, or Campbeltown, or from the double distillation of "Eneore;" whether from the storehouses of Danville or Kinahan; whether its parent be the stately wheat, the saccharine malt, or the humble homely fireside potato, let us still have a joust in company with the good knight whisky, and toast him "wi' a' the honours three!"

"Whisky, drink divine!
Why should poets bore us
With the praise of wine
Whilst we've thee before us?"

And now, reader, how will you take your whisky? Will you have it neat? Will you take it hot, with sugar, or warm without? Will you have cold water with it, or will you mix with soda, ginger beer, lime juice, or bitters? Will you take a little lemon?—if so, will you slice a little from the rind or squeeze in the juice? Will you have it Americanised, in the form of "cobbler," "cocktail," or "eye-opener"? If none of these ways of imbibing the noble spirit take your fancy, then pray strike out a fashion of your own, and let the world know "how you take your whisky."

A NEW LIGHT FOR SMOKERS.

[SUGGESTED BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.]

EDUCTIVE weed! ah, how explain
The fascination of your sway!

I've sought to justify in vain
Your precious use until to-day.

Unto the arguments of those
Who placed my pipe beneath the ban,
I had no reason to oppose,
I felt myself a selfish man.

The fact 'twas useless to deny—
Although I found the process nice—
That I was acting selfishly,
And selfishness, you know, is vice.

"How can a man pollute the air?"
"Twas thus the adversary spoke,—
"And shock the wise, and choke the fair,
With clouds of vile tobacco smoke?"

"It is an odious waste of time;
Injurious to heart and brain;
A hideous habit,—nay, a crime—
With all to lose and nought to gain."
Who has not tried excuse to find—
Excuse if hoping there may be—
And owned at last, a cloud behind—
"I smoke because it pleases me?"

But now a kindly hand has blent
A duty with the smoker's joy—
Tobacco rises six per cent*
Or rather more, my boy!
Let him who smokes no longer sigh,
For his is now a beauteous lot;
A great emergency is nigh—
The smoker is a patriot.

Each cloud that curls around his nose
The pleasing fancy will suggest
Unto the smoker's soul—"There goes
Another British Interest!"
One other thought the cloud suggests—
Long live the noble British oak!—
'Twere odd, if "British Interests"
Were after all to end in smoke.

* Fourpence in the pound, *vide* Budget.

G. L. DARBY,

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Streifford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired. Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

MY PIPE O' BACCY.

[BY OUR OWN LOUNGER.]

If there is one thing upon which I have always prided myself it is the mildness and evenness of my temper. "Nobody knows the troubles I have seen"—what married man does not get a peek of them?—but I flatter myself that through all I have not allowed my equanimity to be seriously ruffled. At length, however, I have to admit that I have been tried beyond my strength, and that my ire has been aroused as against two parties. I may say that I am no politician—never have been. The particular colour of the party in power has never troubled me much so long as the supply of my cakes and ale was not interfered with; but I cannot disguise the fact that my wrath has been kindled against the present Tory Government, who, in their blindness and stupidity, have been guilty of the enormity of further taxing my pipe o' baccy. I am not given to political writing, and I shall, therefore, refrain from using hard language towards the Government, and turn my attention to those of the persons who have sinned, and sinned deeply, in this matter. Of course I mean the tobaccoists, of whom, such has been the intimacy of my acquaintance with them, I might truly speak as "my familiar friends." They are a strange lot, those tobaccoists, or at least so I gather from what I heard the other night. They had a meeting, as every smoker is aware, on Monday last at the Falstaff Exchange, in the Market Place, and as business (mark you, *business*) compelled me to be in the vicinity of their place of meeting, just as they were hatching their mischief, I dropped in to hear what they had to say. There was no mistaking the room in which they were assembled—the clouds of tobacco smoke which hung about made it very evident that the persons in that apartment were interested in "the trade." As a smoker, I have, of course, no objection in the world to others smoking, but I could not help thinking that the affair might have looked more business-like and dignified if the honest tradesmen assembled could have been prevailed upon to let mixture, shag, and birdseye alone for a short time. Candour is an excellent thing, and certainly no one can say that the tobaccoists were not candid. They discussed what they purposed doing in the most open manner, and it was what some of the speakers said which made me "riled." Of course everybody knew that the public would have to pay back to the tobacco dealer the farthing an ounce additional duty, but it is really more than a joke to find that we unfortunate smokers are to be victimised not only by Government, but by the tradesmen as well. The chairman of the meeting started this very pretty little idea, which was, of course, viewed with no small amount of favour by his auditors. He considered, he said, that the tobacco trade had been a "proper bread and cheese game" for many years, and now was the time for the poor suffering dealers to go in for more profit, for, he remarked gloomily, if they did not get it now they never would. Let them put on a halfpenny an ounce, and the public would swallow their farthing advance with the Government imposed farthing without demur. Of course, this was eventually agreed to; and I protest that the procedure of the tobaccoists was nothing better than mean. Listening to the remarks which were made about the "leanness" of the trade, and the hard work which a tobaccoist had to do to earn the little he did manage to scrape out of his business, one would be led to believe that the tobacco trade was a most miserable affair. Dark hints were flung out that the only retired tobaccoists were to be found in the workhouse, and for aught I know it may be a bad business. If it is, and has been, such a poverty-stricken concern, why in the name of common sense haven't the dealers raised their prices before now? People might have grumbled a bit—Britishers will growl now and again—but they would not have said, as I believe they have cause to now, that the tobaccoist had taken a mean advantage of smokers and made this confounded Government farthing an ounce a peg upon which to hang a farthing for themselves. Well may I, as a smoker, say that "my familiar friend" has "lifted up his heel against me." Still, tobaccoists are but fallible tradesmen, and poor humanity is but seldom proof against the temptation of gain. But then these tobacco dealers are not quite at rest amongst themselves. There was not wanting on Monday a bold man to predict the possibility of some tobaccoists being such contemptible humbugs as not to observe the resolution to advance the price of man's great consoler, and to descend to the abomination of underselling their fellows. Indeed, the chairman in his sweeping way said very plainly that as a rule tobaccoists were a "cut-throat lot" amongst themselves, and so it was agreed to form an association, so that there should be unity of action.

I predict that if that association becomes an established fact things will be made very warm for any renegades. And I'll tell you why. Some firm in town has excited the indignation of our friends by underselling, or something of the sort, and some of the more ardent spirits at the meeting wished to pass a resolution to the effect that if this firm did not make the advance in price agreed upon no retail dealer should give them any support. Cooler-headed men nipped this lovely flower in the bud, but its budding is enough to make one anticipate squalls in the future if any poor wretch should incur the displeasure of the association. Strange people these tobaccoists.

THE POINTSMAN: A PENSIVE BALLAD.

[BY A WOULD-BE HOOD.]

BILL BOLTER was a pointsman on
The great North-Western line;
He "pointed" like a finger-post
From six o'clock till nine.

He worked for wife and family,
All weathers—wet or fine;
And though he was no sailor, yet
Had often "crossed the line."

Bill liked his glass, and always said
Teetotalers were a sham;
While other folks had "scruples," he
Would always have a "drum."

At work he used a brandy-flask,
But was not known to "lush,"
Or even have a "pull," unless
It might be at a "push."

His wife confessed if he was drunk
He did not beat or kick her;
'Tis true that he loved Mrs. B.,
Although much given to licker.

But no man can foresee his fate
When once strong drink he sips;
Whilst Mrs. B. one day took tea,
Her Bill was "in his cups."

The day was hot, and Bolter's love
For liquids did prevail;
And so at five o'clock he left
His "post" upon the "rail."

His evil genius was resolved
Bill's prospects all to mar,
And secretly it urged him on,
And "called him to the bar."

He sought his usual tavern, and,
In spite of slight alarms,
His eager legs soon carried him
Into his favourite "arms."

He there got drunk, and clean forgot
How quickly such time passes;
Alas! he could not see his doom
Through half-a-dozen glasses.

In short, there was an accident
With which he got connected,
And could not plead his case because
His "points" had been neglected.

They locked him up until his day
Of trial came about;
But when they put him in his cell,
His wife was quite "put out."

The jury said "he must be hanged"
(A warning to the rest);
And thought a rope might touch a chord
In every pointsman's breast.

He met his fate—a gentle squeeze,
Though much against his will;
His wife—poor soul!—swore it was hard
To "execute" her Bill.

The widow took her family,
But where, no one could guess;
It's probable, if not alive,
They've perished, more or less.



GOOD FRIDAY.

Next week the "City Jackdaw" will be published on THURSDAY, instead of Friday.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the British Lion seems at last to have got on his legs.

That, with the Tories hugging at his mane and the Liberals dragging at his tail, the poor old beast is rather in doubt as to what he ought to do next.

That it might be a paying speculation to make a show of him in all the capitals of Europe; Dizzy to be the showman, and to be dressed *à la* Mephistopheles.

That Dizzy has thoroughly made up his mind to hold a candle to the Devil.

That the Devil will one day hold a candle to Dizzy, to light him to his warm little bed.

That it is necessary to remind the warlike Englishmen, who will carefully stay at home in the event of hostilities, that the Russians are not certain to be annihilated at the first blow.

That it is just possible they may annihilate us.

That, if they did, there is not a nation in the world that would sympathise with us in our fall.

That it is high time to try whether this country cannot be governed for less than eighty-two millions a year.

That one of these days, when the people really use their power, we shall raise money, not by grinding it out of the poor, but by cutting off a few millions of pensions and sinecures which the ruling ten thousand have in former times provided for their impecunious posterity.

That possibly a certain chapter of history may be repeated further on. A hundred years ago, France would not have Necker and she had Marat. England would not have Gladstone, and as yet has got only as far as Northcote.

That the additional tobacco tax will put a good many pipes out.

That, nevertheless, it may be a sign of piping hot times to come.

That a lot of snobbish people are very indignant at the brutal murder of the Earl of Leitrim, but they don't waste much sympathy or pity on the clerk and driver who met the same fate.

That if Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., had not got the Common-Serjeantship, he might have had cause to complain of being Bourke-d.

That Lord Salisbury was virtuously angry at what he called the revelation of Cabinet secrets by the Earl of Derby, on Monday. The Marquis would never do such a thing; Lady Salisbury wouldn't let him.

That the salvors of Cleopatra's Needle have got £2,000 for their trouble. Oh, my (needle's) eye!

That poor Mrs. Thistlethwaite, whose curmudgeon of a husband would not allow her more than £500 a-year to spend on dress, is to be pitied.

That we ought to have a law enacting that every lady should have at least £5000 a-year to spend on her personal attire.

That, nevertheless, a lady might in future do with a little less, as the fashion is for the fair sex to expose, rather than to hide, their fair forms with too much apparel.

That, now Mr. Croston is a J.P., it is to be hoped he will mind his "H's" and "R's." How would such a sentence as this sound when coming from a beek? "Prisnaw, I feaw you aw an habandoned seoundrel. If you 'ad been honest you might 'ave 'ad a 'appy 'ome. I sentence you to height months 'ard labaw."

That the other new J.P. is Mr. W. W. Goulden; but he is past advice. That a certain Plant at Peel Park Museum and the leader-writer of the *Salford Chronicle* fail to recognise the originals of *Sapientum Octavus* and *Dryasdustus*.

That the visible Hercules in the Museum will resist any attempt on the part of "A. F." or "Engineer" to grub this Plant up.

That the curator of Peel Park Museum and the leader-writer of the *Salford Chronicle* fail to recognise the originals of *Sapientum Octavus* and *Dryasdustus*.

That the said curator, the moment "his attention was drawn" to "Engineer's" letter in the *Examiner*, exclaimed—"I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; I'll nip it in the bud."

That, in attempting the nipping process, he tumbled into a "Palmer Universal Disintegrator," which has taken all the fibre and sap out of him.

That his friend the leader-writer not only clings affectionately to the word "atrabiliary," but also to the phrase "bilious and frothy."

That he is now (with the aid of a medium) in communication with the spirits of the late rival editors of the "Eatanswill" papers, with the object of enlarging his vocabulary.

That his friend Middlehurst has, meantime, supplied him with one capital verb, namely, to *squelch*.

That the ghosts of the said rival editors are anxiously waiting to read the leader in next Saturday's *Chronicle*. "The press is a mighty engine, sir," says the spirit of Pott.

That people are wondering why the rocking-horse has been taken down from the building at the corner of King Street.

That no doubt it will either be offered to Mr. T. C. Horsfall, as a gift to the projected Art Museum, or to Peel Park Museum.

That Mr. Percy expressed his surprise that the noble gift to the Art Museum, of the Art Union (Hazel Grove) prize picture (valued at 300 guineas), was not exhibited at the Clarence Hotel, at the soiree of the Literary Club.

That the explanation of one of the directors of the Art Museum (the donor of the picture) was that he was in treaty with Mr. Hamer to allow the picture to be exhibited at a shilling a-head at the Royal Institution.

That, anent the discussion respecting Peel Park Museum, &c., the *Chronicle* says that it is "a storm in a teapot, originated with two needy denizens of the groves of Belle Vue," and that "Messrs. Plant and Davies have *squelched* the bilious and frothy councillor" who has helped to stir the dirty puddle.

That the ordinary expenditure of the current year is estimated at £81,020,000.

That it would have been about £74,000,000 if the Liberals had been in power.

That even our Tory friends are beginning to open their eyes.

That about 600,000 persons in the United Kingdom pay Income Tax.

That, small as their numbers are, relatively, they have to fork out £3,600,000 of the additional money required by our blessed Conservative Government.

That the rest of the community—that is, some thirty millions—have to provide no more than an extra £759,000 in order to satisfy the requirements of our admirable Government.

That those who pay Income Tax are beginning to put two and two together.

TO SMOKERS: Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

That, if Gladstone had been Prime Minister, instead of Disraeli—we can't come to call him Beaconsfield—the Income Tax would have been out of existence three or four years ago.

That the increase of the tax on dogs, from 5s. to 7s. 6d., was a bold stroke on the part of Sir Stafford Northcote.

That, nevertheless, it was surely wrong to bring all puppies over two months within the range of the tax.

That, previously, the tax did not reach dogs under six months.

That, after all, it is just as well to admit, in this formal and financial form, that puppies are amongst the foremost supporters of the present Government.

That, perhaps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have done well to have adopted the advice of his lady friend and put the additional tax on page only.

That, after all, there is not much to choose between puppies and pugs—especially as the Tories would always welcome support from either of them, or, indeed, from any creature or class whatever.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

TO use Sir Stafford Northcote's phrase, "we were wise in time" in reference to the alterations which the Medical Board of the Royal Infirmary were proposing to make in the rules. We purposely use the past tense, for we believe it is probable—and that certainly will be the most prudent course—that the doctors, now that they are discovered, will leave the rules alone. It was, we knew, only necessary to draw the attention of the Board of Management to the medical scheme in order to sign its death warrant, and that we have succeeded in doing through the medium of these whispers. We are prepared to hear that our first communication of the subject was not credited by some members of the Directorate, but directly they made inquiries they found that our statements were accurate; and thenceforth their attitude may be likened to that of the necessary cat, which sits by a hole waiting for the appearance of the mouse—the *ridiculous mus*, we may say, in this instance, for it is a little absurd—isn't it?—that the mountainous labour of the doctors should have had such small result.

"Medicus Crassus," who wrote in the *Examiner* on Monday upon this same subject, raises incidentally, a question of some interest. England, he points out, is the only country in the world where the old traditional inferiority is still perpetuated by special titles. "Doctor" is the title we apply by courtesy to every medical practitioner; but it belongs solely to the holders of the M.D. diploma—a surgeon, unless he is also an M.D., having no right or claim to the honourable prefix, and, unless we mistake, being liable to fine if he, being simply M.R.C.S., places Dr. on his door plate or visiting cards. But, as a matter of fact, the title of F.R.C.S., which of itself does not confer the title of Doctor, now marks the highest surgical distinction obtainable in Great Britain; whereas the title of M.D., popularly regarded as of the greater value, is a University degree, such as *may* be accompanied by distinction in medicine, though its possession does not necessarily imply that the mind of its holder is illuminated by the least spark of genius. In brief, a man who has taken an M.D. at Oxford may be the most brilliant spirit of the age, or may be a fumbling duffer, and the odds are not in favour of the former class being overcrowded.

"Still harping on my daughter," can anyone connected with the Infirmary explain the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P.? We all recollect how punctual he was in attendance at every meeting, and how he used to hurry the business on and over so that he might catch his "Parliamentary train," and reach the House just in time to escape prayers and not be too late for the earliest of divisions. But from the Day of Revolution, when, to ease Mr. Birley's labours a little, Mr. Heywood was made First Consul, his place at the Board has known him no more. Was he annoyed at the election of another chairman, or at the failure of the Tory list of Messrs. Hulke and Haworth? Is it pique and petulance? We leave that as a conundrum which may be, probably, as the serial stories say, "continued in our next."

After the remarks we made last week with regard to the *Pink Dominoes*, it is natural that we should look with satisfaction at "the beggarly account of empty benches," which the Prince's Theatre has exhibited

during the week. We ought perhaps to apologise to the ordinary occupant of the stalls and boxes for suspecting them of a liking for dramatic pieces which are vulgar and obscene, and we would do so willingly enough if we could forget that so far as the *Pink Dominoes* has had any popularity in Manchester that popularity has hitherto been confined to the well-supplied persons who have sat in the most expensive seats. Some of these we are aware have simply gone to laugh at the absurd situation which the play presents; but others, as we know only too well, have visited the theatre to gloat over the dirty suggestions and the indecent allusions of this vulgar English adaptation of *Le Dominoes Rose*. And, in despite Mr. Wyndham's letter—a letter which we can only characterise as an impudent attempt at a gratuitous advertisement—we are bound to say that the empty benches at the Prince's are a sufficient proof of the public distaste for plays of the kind of which the *Pink Dominoes* is the chief illustration. All that Mr. Wyndham said—*i.e.*, that the play had been approved by large audiences at the Criterion and elsewhere—could as well be said in defence or excuse of houses of assignation. They, in so far as they exist, are extensively patronised in London, and in Manchester, and they are patronised exactly by the same people, men and women, as give their approval and the sanction of their presence to entertainments like those of the various English paraphrases of *Le Caise Celebre*, or the two English translations of *Les Dominoes Rose*, which are known respectively as the *Pink Dominoes* and *Forbidden Fruit*. Both, we venture again to say, are beastly, and we rejoice that the scanty attendance at the performances have shown to the directors that they must not continue to take such flagrant liberties with public feeling and public morality.

It was a capital idea, and herewith we present our compliments to its author, whoever he may be, to add dancing to the entertainment provided for the visitors at the last Literary Club soirée. It was worth something to see the Sweet Singer of Lancashire tread a measure; to watch the President throw off his monastic solemnity and gyrate as actively as a German student; to admire the grace and agility with which the genial guardian of the ballot-box, the whilom panegrist of the housefly, bounded through space to the inspiring strains of "Tullochgorum." It was not worth less, either, to notice how surprised some of the other grave and reverend seigneurs looked when they found that dancing was not an innate gift in man, but an acquired accomplishment, and that it is one thing—and a nice one—to put your arm round a lady's waist, and another to make your feet move sympathetically with hers in time to the music. And what was worth more than all—more than the discovered Turner, more than the delicate Ruskin drawings, more than the recitations and singing even—was the sight of the happy faces of the fair women, who made one rejoice because it was so clear that they were rejoicing, and who invariably contribute—so at least say all the unmarried members—the chief charm and attraction to all the meetings of the Club, indoor and out, which they grace with their presence. It is very clear that among the short communications of the Club there will be one most assuredly soon setting forth some reason why the members should stand up at an annual ball instead of sitting down to an annual dinner.

In re amusements,—there is something to be mentioned here which savours of novelty. That Nonconformists are expanding in their notions there anent is a fact obvious and welcome to all liberal men; but there were prejudices, aye, and many, which still shut out of Dissenting companies a large class of enjoyable music. But *il nuovo*, and that rapidly. What are we to think of the programme of a concert in connection with a Baptist Chapel which makes excerpts from heathens like Chopin and Meyerbeer, which actually introduces Wagner's choral music from Lohengrin, and which mixes Herold and Bellini and Weber and dear old Purcell, just as though there had never been an objection to "secular music" in a single Nonconformist mind. We congratulate your church, Dr. Maclaren, and we do not know that you ought not in your turn to congratulate the correspondent—from the handwriting and spelling, evidently a lady—who sends us this account of your evidently agreeable entertainment.

The Choral Society of Union Chapel gave their friends and the public on Tuesday last an "open evening," as the performance was designated—they in their humility not venturing to call it a concert, although the way in which the various pieces were rendered told of a good deal of painstaking work. The first part was a cantata—"The Praise of

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

Jehovah,"—and the second a miscellaneous selection of part songs, glee, and solos. Weber's cantata was given with capital effect by the leading voices—one soprano singing most charmingly, while the tenor, who insensibly reminded one of the typical John Bull, evidently thought he could give additional effect to his voice, which was remarkably clear and of a fair compass, by the way in which he used his eyes and showered ogling glances among the fair damsels around. The song of the evening, however, was undoubtedly "The Lost Chord," which was given with fine feeling by a young lady, who unkindly refused an encore, instigated thereto, no doubt, by the indefatigable conductor, Mr. Lockett, who, besides acting as instrumentalist in general, favoured the company with one or two pianoforte solos. That "Prince among Preachers," Dr. Maclaren, was present, and, on his arrival in the room, several ladies were heard to remark, "how unusually nice his air looks," which suggested the thought that some allusions to his unkempt appearance accompanying a recent caricature had not been without result. A little novelty was introduced into the usual ten minutes' interval by the performers coming down from their platform to have a little chat with their friends among the company assembled, which device enabled the ladies to show to greater advantage than in the dim distance the "sweetest things" in caps with which some of them had adorned their lovely heads. There was one drawback to the pleasure of the evening. It was announced on the bills, carriages to be ordered at 9-45, and, sad to say, the poor coachmen and horses were kept waiting in the cold night until half-past ten before the proceedings of the "open evening" were brought to a close.

Dr. Maclaren sometimes shakes the nerves of the most timorous of his congregation by the freedom of his manner in speaking of the two aspects of the future state. People who always use euphemisms to describe the place which in the orthodox view is reserved for the wicked, shudder when he bluntly refers to Hell, and wonder if it is not a little profane to utter the word damnation, as he did, for instance, last Sunday morning, with the added explanation that it should be interpreted in the sense of judgment. But Dr. Maclaren's outspoken plainness of speech has been exceeded, with a most startling result, by an excellent Pillar of the Church by Law Established, who is to read a paper at a Club on a subject which he briefly, but boldly, describes in two words—the one being that used to describe the abode of lost souls, and the other indifferently applied, as Dr. Maclaren said, in the sense of judgment, or as an awful expletive when all milder forms of swearing are either exhausted or are deemed inadequate to the exigencies of the situation. How much periodical literature is responsible for such a "nice derangement of epitaphs" we shall not be able to say until the paper with this alarming title has been read before the Press Club.

WHAITE'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

AMONGST the many exhibitions which hold a prominent place in the artistic world, both from the variety of their contents and the general excellence of the collection, Whaite's annual exhibition of paintings may now be considered as one of the first. Mr. Whaite has by the most patient industry and business ability established this exhibition in Manchester, and it has now enough vitality to remain a permanent institution. A glance at the catalogue will show that Mr. Whaite, in a most praiseworthy manner, gives as much encouragement as he can to local talent, and although the exhibition contains many specimens from the easels of foreign painters, yet its chief characteristic is its local character. Of course, it may be easily understood that in a collection numbering over seven hundred specimens there will be many of unequal merit, and some for which no *raison d'être* can be found for their place in the exhibition at all; but as every patron of the fine arts may not be learned in all the recondite mysteries of painting, or knowing, in the mystic and almost cabalistic definitions of high art and low art, tone and colouring, there may be examples in the exhibition, of that modest talent, the result of whose efforts is to please, and which, after all, is the most self-satisfying if not the highest test to which a work may be put. Amongst the paintings hung on the walls of the gallery, we are glad to notice several by the late lamented artist Provaggi, whom death cut short in a very promising career. "Returning from the war" is in his best style, and "Nearly too late" is spirited in conception and treatment. Charles Cattermole has one or two specimens in the exhibition, notably one representing a party of warriors returning home from a long campaign, when they find "all things strange." The colouring is very

flue, and the painting may be well mistaken for one of Gilbert's, as there is a great similarity in treatment and colouring between this work and the paintings of that artist. In speaking of local talent, we must, in the true spirit of gallantry, give place to the ladies, of whose industry there are a great many examples on the walls. The work of the fair sex is usually, in matters of art, designated by the epithet "pretty," and it generally lacks strength and character. We must adhere to this opinion even with the fear of Miss Thompson before our eyes. At Mr. Whaite's there are some which we will not mention, which should not have left the custody of loving friends to whom they might be valuable as memorials, but are hardly up to the artistic merit of a public exhibition. However, there are a few of more than average excellence which we are glad to name. We were much pleased with an unpretending sketch representing the decoration of a Church at Christmas-tide, by Miss Eleanor Wood, and which has great merit; whilst one by Rose Müller, representing a landscape in North Wales, was indicative of much promise. The careful visitor to the exhibition will easily note a class of pictures representing character sketches, which, although by different artists, yet have a strong family likeness to each other. These are all executed by pupils of Fontani, of Rome, and all appear to bear the impress of the master. Some of his pupils who exhibit here are foreigners, whose works show talent. We do not, however, think that it is insular prejudice which induces us to give the palm to the sketches by Coleman, which are spirited and full of character. It would be impossible in the limits of this article to enumerate all the artists who have examples hung on the walls, but the names of a few may be indicative of the general character of the whole. Drummond, whose "heads," representing two old "salts," are full of life; Orlando Norio also appears to imitate Miss Thompson in the choice of subject and treatment; George Hayes, who has a single specimen, not, we think, in his best style; the Holding family; E. Richardson, whose storm effects are very fine; E. J. Duval, W. Tomlinson, F. L. Tawse, and a host of others compete for the patronage and admiration of the public. We must not omit to mention a David Cox, and an example of Clarkson Stansfield, both very fine. Ward Heys, too, is fairly represented, and some works by Major-General Lacy are talented specimens of good amateur work. The exhibition will remain open several weeks, and is well worth a visit from all sincere patrons of art and painting.

A SWEEPING REFORM.

WOMEN—bless them!—never say die. When they do a thing they do it with all their might. The word failure has no place in their vocabulary.

"If they will, they will—you may depend on't;

If they won't, they won't—and there's an end on't."

One of their number—said to be a "fashionable poetess," whatever that is—is about to attempt an important reform in female attire. The idea is to revive the costumes of the ancient Greeks, and with this purpose a *soirée* is shortly to be given to a number of the literary and artistic friends of the fair leader of this new movement, at which all the ladies who are present—young or old—must appear in the costume of Penelope and Helen. With the invitations, which have already been sent out, are issued illustrations of the garments worn by women of different classes in ancient Hellas, accompanied by directions for measurement and making, and hints for accommodating the materials of the various articles to the exigencies of the British climate. What rare days and doings are in store for this old England of ours yet!

BELONGING, as I do, to the great Patriotic Party, I have given all the publicity I could to the valiant efforts now being made by some remarkable men in London to raise a huge volunteer force, about half-a-million strong, for active service abroad. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, with all its patriotism, charges for the important announcements as advertisements. The *Jackdaw*, on the other hand, only anxious to help on the good cause, inserts them for nothing. Here is the latest:—

PERMANENT VOLUNTEER FORCE for ACTIVE SERVICE ABROAD.—THE FIRST CORPS D'ARMÉE is now being organized. Those desiring to JOIN are requested to SEND at once NAME and ADDRESS, stating age, height, and if drilled, to the Hon. Sec., Haxell's Exeter Hotel, Strand.

Will Major O'Shea, Captain Wood, and other kindred spirits amongst my Manchester friends drop me a line to say whether they have already cast in their lot with this gallant host?

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.
Boxes. 184d. and 2s. 9d.

LORD SALISBURY'S DESPATCH.

WE are aware this great State paper has been discussed by almost all the newspapers in the country—we may say in the civilised world—and yet we fancy our readers wait with impatience for our matured verdict on the document. Having trimmed the midnight lamp in our exhaustive study of its contents, we lay the result of our labours before the world, "not necessarily for acceptance," but, we hope, for "appreciation and action," whatever these words mean, or are supposed to be capable of being intended not to mean.

The Despatch is written on the first of April. It contains thirty paragraphs, twenty of which are taken up with proving that the English Foreign Office was occupied in a search for a mare's nest from the 14th of January to the 26th of March. The Foreign Office had been inspired by the Turkish correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph*, and thought there was a secret treaty between Russia and Turkey, and applied itself, like a scolding old woman, to teasing the Russian Foreign Office with questions, till the Russian Office lost its temper and got a little raw. There is nothing more in the first twenty paragraphs, and if our readers doubt this statement, they had better read the Despatch again, and they will find in the said twenty paragraphs nothing more than this scolding match, which does little credit to the diplomatists of England or of Russia. We should laugh at such trivialities did we not know that in the hands of designing men like the Prime Minister of England they may be the prelude to "a high chess game whereof the pawns are men."

When his lordship condescends to say what he objects to in the treaty of San Stephano, we are greatly obliged to him for his candour. He dislikes the idea of creating, in New Bulgaria, a strong Slav State—and so a Tory foreign minister may; but we must take care to remind him that the great dread of England was that Russia might wish to create two weak States instead of one strong state,—and liberty-loving men have to thank them for what they have done,—and to see that neither Austrian nor English Tories shall interfere with it. His lordship thinks the treaty ought to have done more for the Greeks, and the *Jackdaw* will be glad if England can do anything to increase the territory of that people, even to the extent of placing them in possession of Constantinople, as, in a very few years they must be; but, while zealous in the cause of Greece, we can hardly admire the modesty of our Foreign Office when they bully Russia on this score, for we must consider it was they who, in the interest of Turkey, prevented Greece from going into the war, and in due course reaping its reward.

Lord Salisbury thinks he can foretell the course which this new State will take—that, having been created by Russia, it will always be subservient to its will. Somebody gave the good advice never to prophesy unless you know, and Lord Salisbury should take that advice. States are not always ready to know their creator. Have we not before our eyes this day the case of Roumania, whose independence of the Porte was due to Russia, successfully setting its back at its former benefactor? And we have Greece, the creation mainly of England and Russia, defying both by allowing its citizens to carry on an irregular sort of warfare against Turkey after the peace with Russia was signed. All men but Tories, wishing to prop up the rotten and doomed rule of the Turk in Europe, know this strong Bulgaria is the best contrivance we can think of to resist Russia in the future, should it be needful to do so, and further to reduce Turkey when the proper day arrives. The Despatch evinces a spirit which would contest the authority of the sun to pursue its course in the heavens, had the writer any idea that it had aims or tendencies contrary to the interests of an English Tory Ministry. And the nation seems to be given up to despondency, and has not energy enough to pour contempt on this mendacious document, the product of Benjamin Disraeli, though bearing the signature of Salisbury.

We must thank Lord Salisbury for condescending to notice the commercial importance of some proposed arrangements of this treaty. We are pleased that we are not forgotten by a great statesman dealing with imperial questions—beyond that, we have not much to say for his lordship's attention to our interest. He thinks to give this new Bulgaria good ports on the Egean Sea and to surrender Batoum in the Black Sea to Russia would be measures calculated to endanger the commercial interests of England in the East. Lord Salisbury once said a very good thing:—"Take a large map." Yes, my Lord Salisbury—look at a large or small map, and tell Manchester men what possible injury there could be to our trade were we to have easier access to Southern Bulgaria than we have now. Tell us how we should be injured by having inlets to the Balkan

Peninsula, independent of the will of whatever power held the Dardanelles. We should like to give his lordship a piece of advice in return for his—Buy a penny paper. Buy the *Daily News* of April 10th, and read there how much Russia requires, in the interest of the people inhabiting the district round the Caspian Sea, to have a better harbour than that she now possesses. Look again at your map, and find Batoum, the natural harbour for the district, and say in what way its transfer to Russia would injure our trade with Persia. We well remember, when the American war was at its height, the hatred of our governing classes towards the more powerful of the contending sections of that country was intense and insane, but in their insanity the advocates of the slave power never forgot to conceal their motives. Their sympathy for poor suffering Lancashire operatives, they told us, made them wish to interfere in that war, in order to liberate cotton and find work for our hands. The idea was not bad, but it had a great fault—it wanted success. The working men of Lancashire did not believe their aristocratic charmers, and even had it been possible to procure an abundant supply of cotton, at the expense of perpetuating American slavery, they would have declined the dirty job. The same red-herring trail is being drawn across the true line again by Lord Salisbury. He is trying to appeal to the commercial and working classes, and we wish him and prophecy for him the same success in his attempt to prop up the effete political system of Turkey as attended his class in their attempt to draw this country into war with the United States. The motive of our aristocratic party is the same now as it was then—contemptible jealousy of powerful States; the means employed the same—pretended care for British interests. We hope the working men of Lancashire will give them the same determined opposition which they gave them then; that they will show the aristocratic classes that they know their own interests quite as well as they, and that even could it be shown that the interests of the commercial and working classes of this country could be promoted by aiding in the degradation of other people's, they would steadfastly refuse to be parties to the crime.

A GROWL.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

OME, this is awful,—nay, more, it's atrocious,—
Something beyond the fair bounds of a joke;
Really, I cannot help feeling ferocious
At this proposal for taxing my smoke.
Oh, when I heard it, I got so disgusted
With this new method of making us bleed
That, in my rage, I should surely have bused,
If not calmed down by a pipe of the weed.
Fivepenny income tax gives me no bother,
Since I ne'er had any income to tax:
Let those who feel it themselves make a pother
Concerning the burden thus placed on their backs;
And of the dog impost, too, I am heedless,
For I have such a small quantum of pelf
That, far from keeping a dog, it is needless
Almost to say I can scarce keep myself.
But this tobacco tax touches me sorely,
Just in the place where I feel it the most;
Though it's no more than I prophesied, surely,
When Northcote went to the Chancellor's post.
For I then said, "Now, if him you don't sack, he
Soon will be making you feel very sick;"
And now you see he is taxing my bacey,
And perhaps a pipe tax will be his next trick.
How a poor devil's to go on existing—
Since his chief wants are becoming so dear,
And the authorities keep on persisting
He should pay more for them—isn't quite clear.
Here we have taxes on gin, brandy, whisky,
Beer, and tobacco—the staples of food;
Really, the chances of living are risky,
Though for that matter I don't see the good.
Still, Northcote shant treat me just like a lackey,
Whom he can order and bully about,
And, in revenge, for his taxing my bacey,
I had some notion of doing without.
But as I can't I have hit on another
Plan that will render his scheme no avail,
For on my word as a man and a brother,
Henceforth I smoke only cheapest pig-tail.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

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FOOTBALL EXTRAORDINARY.

AN extraordinary football match was played at Whalley Range on Saturday, and, as usual, the reports which appeared in the newspapers on Monday were more extraordinary than the match itself. The contending teams were Queen's Park (Glasgow) and Birch (Manchester). I like to look on a good game at football, but I know next to nothing of the technicalities of the game. However, it seemed to me on Saturday that the Glasgow men simply walked over, that the Manchester lot were nowhere, and that the whole business was as hollow an affair—the teams being so unequally matched—as I had ever seen. But on turning to Monday's papers I found, according to the *Examiner*, for example, that, although the Queen's Park won by six goals to none, their "victory was harder than had been anticipated." How a victory could be hard under such circumstances the reporter sayeth not. The report in the *Evening Mail* also puzzled me. "This match," it said, "long looked forward to in local football circles, took place on Saturday, at Whalley Range. The Queen's Park is well known as one of the strongest association clubs in the world, and they brought with them a formidable team, although several of their best men were absent, including the captain (Campbell), who acted as umpire." Now, how could Mr. C. Campbell, the captain, act as umpire when he happened to be "absent"? I wish football reporters would not deal so much in conundrums and Irishisms.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

DR. SLADE, of slate-writing notoriety, has been doing some remarkable things in Germany. According to Professor Zöllner, he has made the acquaintance of Dr. Slade at Leipsic, and has there seen him, amongst other things, tie a knot in an endless string. Indeed, in his presence, and in that of other "honourable men and citizens of Leipsic," the Doctor tied no fewer than four knots in an endless cord, or, to speak more exactly, in a string the two ends of which were sealed together. Faith is a good thing; but it is possible to have too much even of a good thing.

THE Rev. John Jasper, pastor of the largest coloured Baptist congregation in Richmond, Virginia, has been proving that philosophers are entirely mistaken in their theory that the earth revolves round the sun. "If," said the reverend gentleman, "he did not prove by Bible authority that the sun moves, he would never preach again." The earth, he maintained, is motionless; for, as he pointed out, if the earth turned round, "the ocean would be spilled over the land." His chief argument in favour of the motion of the sun was the fact that Joshua told the sun to stand still; and when Mr. Jasper finished his learned discourse all hands were held up in favour of the earth standing still. The earth, heedless of the resolution, however, has continued to follow her old course just as though no such resolution had been recorded.

MR. W. T. CHARLEY, M.P., has been delivering himself of a speech on the proper government of London. Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth submitted a resolution in the House of Commons on the subject, and Mr. Charley very naturally availed himself of the opportunity to stand up as the champion of civil liberty. He said his view of local government reform in the metropolis was not to extend the ancient corporation of the city over the rest of the metropolis, but to create new municipalities outside the city boundaries. A reform of the kind contemplated by the hon. baronet would destroy the corporation and many of the institutions connected with it—would, in fact, deform instead of reform. His own view was that each of the metropolitan constituencies should receive a charter of incorporation. This would tend greatly to increase the public spirit which marked provincial municipalities and was to a great extent absent from metropolitan boroughs; it would also draw closer the links which bound them to the ancient corporation of the city of London, and would advance the cause of local self government and civil freedom. No wonder that, after this, Mr. Charley was yesterday elected Common Serjeant of the City of London.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF's reply is a stately document compared to Lord Salisbury's circular. But surely it is time that this sort of thing should end. If our Government mean to go to war rather than allow the Treaty of San Stefano to come into operation, let them say so.

By the way, Mr. Jacob Bright's speech in the Royal Message debate was, I think, the greatest speech in the House of Commons, just as the Earl of Derby's was the greatest in the House of Lords.

THE Liberals of New Cross Ward have set a very good example to the other Liberal organisations in the city, in calling together their representatives to give an account of their stewardship during the past year. This practice has been general, of late, in the case of members of Parliament, and there is no reason why it should not be extended to municipal matters. The speeches delivered by the representatives of New Cross Ward were very exhaustive, covering the whole range of Corporation work during the year; and the interest evinced by the meeting would quite justify the repetition of the experiment on a future occasion. The only regret is that there was not a larger attendance of the electors of the ward, for there is no doubt that such a statement would be interesting to all, whether of the political colour of the representatives or not. The introduction of politics into municipal elections has been deplored by many good citizens as tending to lower the standard of candidates for municipal honours. There is a good deal of truth in this statement, for on many occasions men have been returned for no other reason than that they can glibly repeat the shibboleth of their party. However, whatever good reason there may be for the political organisation of a ward being called into requisition at a municipal contest, there can be no excuse for the machinery of party being used to turn out a good man who has served the citizens well in his office. Hence it is that these reunions of the ward should be more open, so that all the burgesses should be able to judge of the calibre of their representatives and fairly gauge their services, which are given for the good of all, and not merely in the interests of one party. We feel convinced these suggestions have great weight, and we confidently commend them to the careful consideration of all who have no object to serve but the good government of the city. Great light would then be thrown upon municipal politics, and the information gained would be of material service in the cause of good local government.

OUR readers should not fail to note that "The Triumph of Order"—certainly one of the greatest paintings produced in our day—is now on exhibition at Messrs. Lomax and Sons' Gallery, in King Street. The work, which represents the shooting of the Communists by the regulars, has been prohibited by the French Government just because of its terrible realism and many merits.

THE MILKY WAY.

QH, where is the Milky Way?
'Tis surely on Stretford Road,
Where milk carts ever race o'er mundane space,
Past my suburban abode!

Oh, where is the Milky Way?
From Hulme up to Seymour Grove,
Whence flows a stream which has little more cream,
Than the Milky Way above.

Numberless, nebulae carts,
In the grey of the early morn;
Shandrydan, van, dandy and can,
Our Milky Way adorn.

Throughout the livelong day,
And long into the stilly eve,
They never unyoke either pony or moke,
Nor our constellation leave.

Then hurrah for our Milky Way!
And hurrah for our little milk shop
Where the milk is so high the cream needn't try,
For it never can reach the top!

Yes, hurrah for our Milky Way,
For the sky—and the milk—so blue,
For the boy and the bloke, the pony and moke,
And hurrah for me and for you!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Offices, 52 and 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTILACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,
Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.

JOHN BELLARS.

"THE TRIUMPH OF ORDER."

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Returning from St. Pancras Station on TUESDAY, April 23rd, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m. Children under Three years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half Fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by this Train only.

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Derby, April, 1878.

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